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THE MASTER'S OTHER SHEEP

CHARLES W. DUNN

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The Master's Other Sheep

An Epic of Ancient America and Other Poems

By Charles W. Dunn
Logan, Utah

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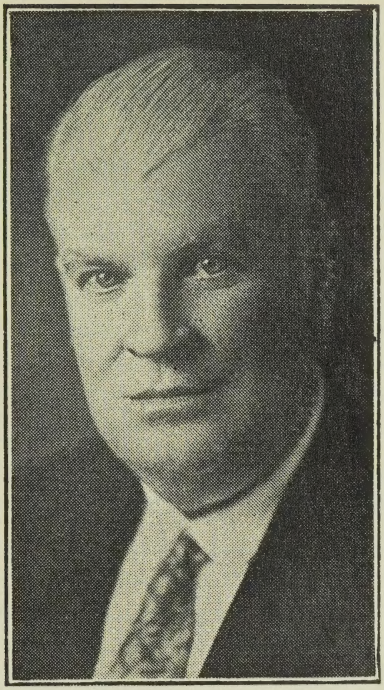
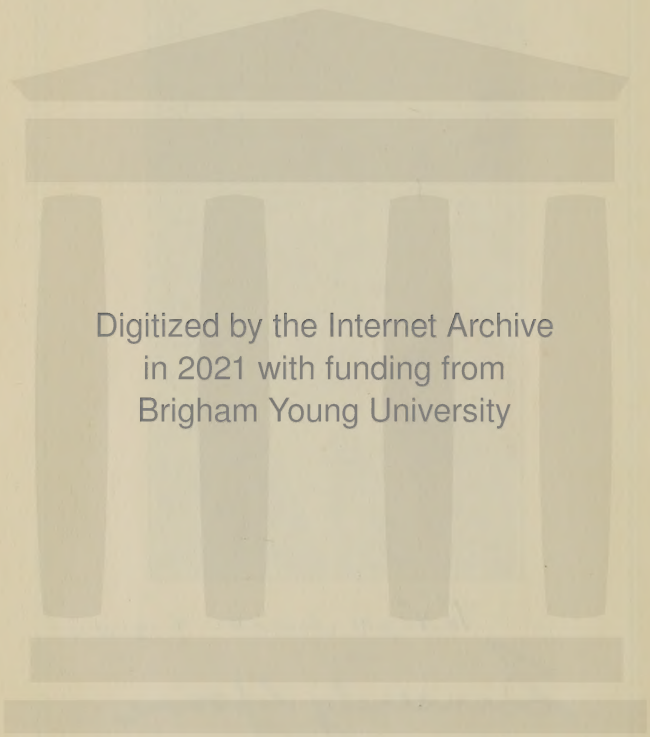


To Nephi Jensen- 9-13-44

Sincerely Yours

R. E. Lunn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Foreword

One hundred years ago a book with Golden leaves was dug from a rocky vault in a hill in western New York. Engraven upon the yellow pages of the plates was the true history of the Ancient Americas and the story of its peoples, the ancestors of the American Indian. The plates were divinely preserved and brought forth in this dispensation as a Testimony of the Jewish Bible, and a sure Witness of the Divine mission of the Christ.

The heaven-inspired translation of the golden plates gave to the world the Book of Mormon.

It is a true record and history. Much evidence establishing its authenticity has been found in the fields of geography, geology and history, and the time will shortly come when proof of such potent and convincing character will be dug out of the earth that any reasonable man must believe its truth.

The following pages contain a brief account in verse of the people and events depicted graphically and in detail by the Book of Mormon.

C. W. Dunn.

The Master's Other Sheep

erusalem, temple of Oracle,
Birthplace of Prophets,
Home of the Chosen Seed
Throne of Its Kings;
Founded of Israel, builded by Solomon,
Conquered by Philestine,
Rescued of Heaven
Nurtured of Eloheim."

"Forget'st Thou Egyptian bondage
And the Firstborn's curse;
Remember'st not the grevious plagues
Of cruel Egypt and Her tasks?
How from the throes of serfdom
Thou wert led,
Pursued by Pharoah's host into the sea,
And crossed dry shod, twixt hungry waves,
Cleft by Jehovah's edict, and rolled back
Upon the legions of the Infidel."

"What of the water of the desert rock,
And saving manna of the wilderness;
Of beckonning cloud by day, and fiery
pillar of the night,
And stony tablets of mount Sinai."

"Art then so soon unmindful and debased,
That Joshua and Jericho art now
No more sung at Thy firesides as of yore
Wist not how walls of alien cities fell,
And heathen cohorts melted as the mist?
O, Israel, Heaven favored and beloved,
Nourished and succored since the dawn of time,
Why hast Thou from Thy Shepherd turned away."

Within the holy city stood a Seer,
A son of Joseph, of Manasseh born;
Destined a wall to overrun, a Branch
To root and flourish in the Lasting hills.
He cried repentance and a warning gave,
Of dire affliction and the chastening hand;
"O, favored sons of Jacob, turn from sin,
And come again to Him, Who in His love,
Didst make of Thee a Nation, and bestow
Upon Thee milk and honey, and a home."
"Lo, if thou wilt not unto Him return,
And cease thy lying and thy murmuring,
Thy baseness and thy vain debauchery;
And worship Him in spirit and in truth,
Down from the fastness of the north
Shall swoop the vandal hordes of Babylon,
And from the East the plundering Syrian come,
And Israel shall be a vassal throng,

Carried away into captivity.
Nor root, nor branch shalt there remain unscathed
And Cannan unto thee shalt be accursed,
Its cities wasted and Its vineyards bare."

The erring sons of Judah heard Him not,
But spurned the Prophet, and reviled the call,
And groveled still in sin and infamy.
Then came a vision to the Messenger,
And clarion toned there rang an
edict forth;
"With thee, my servant Lehi, am I pleased,
And all thy prayers and sacrifice doth cry
Up to my throne, against vain Israel.
Lo, all their fruitful land shall cease
to yield,
And desolate shalt be each Tribal Clan;
Jerusalem, a barren, arid waste,
And seed of Abraham, bow low to Heathen kings.
No more in pride the Lion's Whelp shall reign,
Until in humbleness, an Offering
The Sons of Levi raise in righteousness."

"The name of Jew shalt be a hiss of hate,
A byword breathed in scorn in foreign lands.
The chosen seed be scourged in Syria,
In Babylon, and by marauding Meed;

Pilaged by power of Clay and Iron Arm,
Without a Home, shalt be a wanderer,
Until in meekness and humility,
Judah subdued, shalt bow again the knee,
And homage give unto the risen King;
And come in sackcloth to Jerusalem,
All purified of dross and purged of
His unworthiness.
For of these stones, at need, do I have power
To raise up Children unto Abraham.

The glorious Tree of Life he then beheld
All laden with Eternal, golden fruit;
And rod of iron to safely guard the way
Of wandering Pilgrim past the yawning
gulf,
And river of Destruction, sin and death.

And thru Celestial eyes in wonder saw
His seed become a numerous, mighty host
In that New Promised Land, beyond the Sea;
With myriad cities, vineyards, flocks
and Fields,
And Temples rare, and jewels of precious worth,
Its people ever growing, moving on,
Until a Continent is spanned, and ever on,
Into the North and unto Ocean Isles;

Advancing, restless, ever moving on.
Rich in the hidden metals of the hills,
And all that earth bestows upon mankind;
A cultured folk, and skilled in all the arts
Of ancient Egypt and the smouldering East.

He gazed in awe and wonder on the scene,
Until in rapture and ecstatic joy
He shouted gratitude, devotion sang
To his benign Creator, praises rang.

Down thru the misty vale of years,
Beheld in awe the lowly Nazarene,
Born of a Virgin, in a cattle stall,
In Bethlehem, the City of the Plain.
Beheld he there the Master as He grew
In stature and in wisdom, full of Grace,
Embodiment of Truth and Heavenly joy.

He looked in pain upon Golgotha's scene;
With gladness at Him risen, glorified;
First Fruits of Resurrection, light and life,
The Word, the Way, the Mediator wise.
He saw Him next in that far Western clime,
With spear wound in His side, and riven hands,
And scar of mocking thorns upon His brow.
In love He walked among His other Sheep,

And blessed them, as their Brothers
Of the East,
Till He ascended in a cloud on High,
With promise that again He would return,
In power and Glory ne'er again to die.

Then in the Prophet's joy there came a pang
Of sorrow and misgiving and of pain;
He saw His children leave the narrow way
And loose their hold upon the rod of iron,
Reviling and rejecting prophets, seers,
Ungrateful and untrue, idolatrous,
All lifted up in pride, defiled of sin,
Forgetful of Jehovah and His Plan.

And ere the risen Savior had been gone
Four hundred years, long battle lines appeared.
Saw all his race destroyed; remained alone
The wandering red man, fallen and debased;
The scourge of Heaven to the fallen foe,
Moving from place to place, without a home,
Unstable, black, revengful and accursed.

Then after many moons, the Spirit moved
Upon a man who crossed the Mighty Deep,
And brought again a people from afar
To build anew the cities, till the soil,

And rear another empire in the West;
A place of refuge, for the weary-rest.

A prophet boy sprang from its rugged hills,
Like unto Joseph, Prince of Egypt, came
And ushered in a Dispensation new,
Perfection of the old, the fuller plan;
And brought unto the remnant wanderer
The history of his fathers, long asleep;
Restored again the Gospel and the Light
Of Heaven's torch, dispelled the darkness deep.

And looking down into the future still,
He saw Jehovah come again to man,
And usher in the bright Millennium,
With Lucifer all bound and sin inert;
Mankind a Brotherhood, and God Supreme,
And Life Eternal triumph over Death.

"Blessed Thou art, Sire of a Race,
which yet unborn, shall flourish
and expand,
Upon a foreign shore, a fruitful place,
Flowing for them with milk and honey rare;
A promised, favored land held in reserve,
For Heaven's faithful children, evermore.

Lo, down into the desert take thy way,
With all thy Clan, and tents and trusted bow;
And house of Ishmael, that God's command
May be fulfilled and You a Nation grow.

And Providence will ever go before,
And lead thee, and be with thee by the way,
Until Thou comest to that waiting Shore
Of thine Inheritance—no more to stray.

Into The Wilderness

Mute for a time he stood, and dazed
by the Light of the vision,
Thinking and pondering the marvelous words
of the angel.
Then thoughtfully took his way to his home
near the walls of the city.
Palatial comfort there, and all that riches
could purchase,
Gold and silver and pearls and precious
stones in abundance,
Linen and purple cloth, and vinyards, fllocks
without number,
All that earth could bestow, and bounties
of heaven unending.

Nephi, the younger son, in accord received
the glad message,
But the elder brothers rebelled, rejecting
the call and the warning;
"Why should we leave our gold, our countless
flocks and our pastures,
To seek in an unknown land what here we have
in abundance.
Why should we danger stalk in the sterile
sands of the desert,
When here all is peace unmarred, with none to
harm or molest us.
Our father doth visions see, and is steeped
in foolish tradition;
Lacking in judgment and poise, an endless
chaser of Phantoms.

Gathered together their tents, their trusty
bows and their arrows,
Out thru the city walls, in sorrow took
their departure.
Leaving behind their gold, and rich-laden
vines of the vineyard;
Saying adieu to home, the cherished land
of their childhood,
Leaving in sorrow the scenes and pleasures
and joys of the homeland.

Loved were its plains and dales, its sea of
Salt and its hillsides;
Its rivers and inland lake, and Lebanon
to the Northward.
Leaving their temple shrine, and the Tribes of
Jacob their brethren;
Into the wilderness, in sorrow took their
departure;
Into the rising sun, the unknown land
of the future.
Walking by faith alone, and trust in the
Bounty of Heaven;
Led by the spindled ball, the Liahona,
the compass,
Unfailing magnet and guide, pointing the
pathway before them.

Armed with the Plates of Brass, the record
and creed of their fathers,
Recounting the dealings of God, and Words
of love to His children;
So that the native tongue might be preserved
in perfection,
And faith kept bright and undimmed, and hope
in the Life Everlasting.
Records replete with deeds of Adam,
Noah, and David;

Fortelling oft and anon the glorious
life of the Master.

Many the lessons learned in the dreary wastes
of the desert,
Lessons of patient trust, of thrift
endurance and justice.
Sustained and fed by the skill and unerring
eye of the hunter,
Their meat and the waters stale, made sweet
by their gracious provider.

Came after many moons, to a land of peace
and of beauty,
Flowers and delicious fruits, and waters sweet
and inviting.
Bountiful by the sea, a place of rest and rejoicing.
Desired repose from their toil and the rush
of their arduous journey.
Heard here the song of birds, and the ceaseless
roar of the ocean,
Heard here the bleat of sheep, and the sighing
breeze in the woodland;
Reared in majestic mein the wooded crest of
the mountains,
Gray to the South and West, the drifting
dunes of the desert.

The Voyage

gain came the heavenly guide, the Guardian of their journey,
Instruction and comfort gave, and steeled their hearts for the voyage.
Taught them the sailor's art, and the cunning craft of the seaman,
Led them to hidden pits, of iron and brass for the vessel.
Led them to groves of oak, of cedar, fir and of hemlock.
Fashioned with skill the beams, the keel, the bars and the pinions,
Sealed up the seams with pitch, of skins made the sails and the rigging
Seaworthy, strong and brave, She rode at last on the ocean.

Garnered in sturdy keel the lucious fruits of the hillside,
Game of the hunt and chase and forest nuts for the journey,
Water sweet from the brook, that gurgled cool in the valley,
Was stored gainst the time of need,

To quench their thirst on the billows;
Grains and corn, and the seed of grape
and peach, and of apple,
Safe in the hold were placed, to vouchsafe
seedtime and harvest,
In that far Western land, awaiting them
in the sunrise.

Driven by wave and tide, she rode in
the face of the monsoon,
Onward thru wind and gale, she rode
the breast of the ocean,
Steered by Young Nephi's hand, and the
unerring dial of the compass.
Led by the hand of God, to the promised
Home in the Westland.

Feasting and revelry, and loud and boisterous
laughter,
Heard on the lonely ship, as it
rose and fell on the water.
Dancing unseemly and lewd, by the elder
Brothers of Nephi,
And daughters of Ishmael, who joined
in the dissolute babble.

Reproved and sternly rebuked, by Lehi
and Nephi their brother,
They bound him with knotted cords to the mast
on the deck of the vessel,
And beat him, with scorpions,
And sought his life in their anger.
"We will return," said they, "to our homes
in the valley of Judah,
Back to our fertile fields, our flocks our
herds and our orchards.
Why did we come from hence to suffer thirst
in the desert?
Why did we Phantoms chase to sink in the
depths of the ocean?
No longer we submit to the leadership
of our brother,
Younger than we, without the right to
chide or reprove us.

Then mutiny reigned supreme and the
trusty compass Liahona
Pointed no more the way, and the ship
turned back in her journey.
Heaven o'er cast and black flashed forth
its bolts and its thunder,
And waves high as mountains splashed
and broke and pounded asunder,

And the good ship quivered and creaked and
rolled on crest and in hollow;
The powers of nature unleashed to centure and
humble the rebels.

At once ceased the ribald dance the revelry
and the feasting,
Heard no more the base jests and curses
of Laman and Lemuel;
Crouched down in abject fear fell the scoffers
vile and the boasters,
Lest in the angry storm their vessel should
falter and founder,
And the faithless revelers all be drowned
in the depths of the ocean.

Then strong in Jehovah's power did Nephi
rise and asunder
Were snapped his restraining cords like
strands of grass or of paper,
And stilled was the tempest wild and calmed
the wind and the water
Peaceful and silent grew, as a sea of glass
in the evening,
Still unruffled and calm the face of the
mighty Pacific.

Pointed again the ball, in clearness the
pathway before them,
Straight to the promised land, beyond the
wall of the ocean.
Down on the deck in prayer, the other sheep of the
pasture,
Lifted their shouts of praise, to their
Shepherd Jehovah, their Master.

The New Home

ame after many days, to a land
of mountain and forest,
Came to a land of flowers, a land
of lakes and of rivers,
Came to a sunny land, of trees and
grasses and pastures,
Came to a favored land, a land of
perpetual summer,
Came to a land of peace, between
the sea and the mountains.

Found there the sheep and horse, and kine
with milk for the larder,
Found there the manatee, the Llama and
the alpaca,
Found there the lithe wild goat, the lion
fierce and the jaugar;
Mountains of sparkling gold, and iron and
silver and copper,,
And granite, marble and quartz for the
cunning hand of the builder.

Found there an Avalon, an Eldorado of riches,
Lovely beyond their dreams and all their
planning and visions,
Found there Elysium, abode of rest for the
Pilgrim,
Found there a home of joy, Inheritance
for their children.

After benefic shower beheld the hues
of the rainbow,
The covenant from on high that God no
more in His anger
Would menace the earth by flood, destroying
its life and its people,
Sweet assurance to man that bounty and
seedtime and harvest

Was vouchsafed from Heaven's horn to reward
his faith and his labors.

Built they an alter high, and offered praise
and thanksgiving
Unto the God of love who mindful is as a shepherd,
Thanks for His guiding hand that led them
safe through the desert,
Thanks to the God of storms, who led them
safe o'er the ocean;
Thanks for the promised land, the future
home of His people;
Offered their gratitude for all His
bounty had given.
To East the temples of snow, the crags the
peaks and the forests,
To West the roll of the surf the white
capped surges of Neptune,
To South the wide fertile plains with
grasses rich for the cattle,
To North the cold plashing streams and snow
fed lakes of the mountains.
Lehi, the Moses true, infirm and old from
the journey,
Lifted on high his hands and blessed and
counselled his children,

Gave to his younger son his mantle robe and
the Sceptre.
"Depart from sin, O my seed, and turn in
faith to Jehovah,
Lend Thou attentive ear and revelation
shall lead you;
Cease not to toil with might and build your
homes and your temples,
Never forgetting Him whose smile and mercy
surround you.

"List unto Nephi's voice, He is thy Seer
and thy Prophet,
Walk in the narrow way, turn not aside from
the furrow;
Ye are the chosen sheep, abide the call
of the Shepherd.
My earthly life is o'er, I go to the arms
of my Maker;
Nothing I leave behind, save only love
and my blessing."

Lamenting they laid him there, then hushed
their voices in sorrow,
Consigned to the silent dust, their Patriarch
and their father.
Founder, sire of a race, beloved and
revered of Jehovah.

Turned again to their tasks, their flocks
and fields and their building,
Spured on by faith and hope, the
beckoning of the future.

Here in this Western Clime the Garden of
Eden grew,
With its fruits and flowers and trees, all
watered by Heaven's dew;
Here Enoch City fair on this blessed
Western sod,
Had righteous and sinless grown, and was
taken to dwell with God.
Forsooth, twe're a blessed land, most favored
of all the earth;
A home for His righteous sons, who prove
to Heaven their worth.

They builded cities great, and homes and
temples fair,
And planted garden and field, for the
husbandmen to care.
And many new children came to augment
the builders few,
And their flocks and herds increased as
in wealth and power they grew.

A Nation Divided

Staid for a time the voice of envy
Strife and contention,
Lived for a time in peace, engrossed in
Their arduous labors.
Then in rebellious mein, arose the two
elder brothers,
Traitors unloyal and false, to menace the life of
their leader.

Gathered in haste their gold, their flocks
and weapons of warfare,
Called to the Standard vile
Their followers and their children,
Forsaking in anger and hate
Their faithful sorrowing kindred,
Leaving the plates of brass, the history
of their fathers,
Leaving the chosen seer, the Oracle of the People.

Parted their Herds and gold, like Lot
and Abram at Jordan,
Cast into outer dark, like Lucifer
of the morning,,
When he opposed in scorn the saving
plan of the Firstborn.

Cursed with a blackened skin, was all the house
of the rebels,
Wandered in indolence, from place to place
in the forest,
Ambition lost and gone, and faith in
Heaven departed,
Living by spear and bow, and chase, and
fish from the river,
Despising the finer arts and endless toil
of the whiteman.
Lamanites fierce and cruel, to lie in wait
and to plunder,
Driven by lust of blood, to kill and
harass their brothers,
Scourging hand of the Lord, to turn his
children from error.

Followed the faithful ones, the deeds of
their lustrous leader,
Builded they strong and well the
hamlet, town and the city,
Builded like Solomon, a temple sacred
and holy.
Builded a Temple fair, in which to
meet and to worship
The God who with care and love did guide
their steps in the desert,

Israel's pilot true, who guided their
ship o'er the waters,
Worshiped the helping hand that nourished
them oft in their journeys.
Numerous the Nephite Host, as golden sand
on the sea-shore,
Many their flocks and herds, as flocks
of Shem in the desert;
Myriad cities reared, like ancient
cities of Japheth;
Upward the restless throng, athwart the
crest of the mountains,
Outward, new hearthstones sought, upon the
plains to the Eastward,
Northward to pastures green, along the
banks of the Sidon;
An Empire of power and wealth was builded
here in the Westland.

Writ was the Hero's deeds and History of
their conquests,
Words of their harbingers upon the
tablets of Nephi;
Graven on plates of gold, the admonition
of Heaven,
Carved on the golden plates, the laws to
govern the people,

Saved and preserved secure for the remnant
sons of the future.

Oft swept from forest haunt the vandal
hordes of the redman,
Sacking and laying waste the calm abodes
of their Brethren,
Seeking in greed and hate the lives and
flocks of the herdmen,
Smiting by sword and fire the peaceful
homes of the faithful,
Came like Abaddon bold to take the life
of the Firstborn,
Came like a scourge of Death to parch
the fields and the vineyards.

Driven, pilaged and slain, these other
sheep of the Master
Sought in humility His saving Arm and
His blessing,
Turned from the way of death, to the
narrow highway eternal,
Turned from their greed and pride to walk
again in the pathway,
Leading to Heaven's Gate, unto the Life
Everlasting.

When blessings in bounty came and smiled
the harvest upon them,
Forgotten in haughty pride, the liberal
hand of the giver,
Was smitten of those it blessed, who turned
as swine to the wallow;
Sinking in sin and lust, debased by the
lucre of mammon.
But when adversity frowned and overcast
with depression
The skies of Disaster grew, they turned again
to the Shepherd;
Forsaking error for Truth, the desert wild
for the Pasture.

Ruled for a time by kings, like Egypt,
Israel, and Judah,
Then governed by Judges wise, benign,
sincere and impartial,
Elected by choice and vote and by the
Will of the people,
To guard, secure and preserve their lives and
homes and possessions.

Unrestrained in their speech, nor curbed the
promptings of conscience,
The code of the Decalogue became their
law and their Statute.

A Voice From The Past

On to the North, thru the narrow neck
Moved the Vanguard of the Throng;
To a land of bleaching bones and skulls
Of a Nation long since gone.

Found there a History strange and vague,
All graven on plates of gold,
Of a Race from the misty dawn of time,
The wonderful story told.

How an Empire flourished in olden days,
On Babylon's fertile Plain.
Its kings supreme in all the land
In might and power did reign.

Its cities were vast and Its wealth untold,
And Its fields and Vineyards rare;

With Its temples grand and Its towering walls
Could no art of earth compare.

As richer grew these Hordes of Ham,
They forgot their God on High;
And vowed to Asshur, the Heathen god,
To rear a tower to the sky.

By thousands Its artisans strove and toiled,
As the Structure higher grew,
And the boastful ruler of Shinar's Host
Swore to reign in Heaven too.

But the vaunting boast was heard of Him,
Who doeth all things well;
And the pride of the haughty was humbled low,
And the mighty Empire fell.

Confusion reigned and contention rife,
Strange murmurings filled the land;
The ancient tongue was no longer known,
And none could understand.

Utterly helpless, Its people fled,
Like leaves in the tempest blown,
Scattered and driven to foreign lands
In exile condemned to roam.

A mighty man in the ancient Plain
Was Jared, a Captain bold;
His brother, a preacher of Righteousness,
Did communion with Heaven hold.

Preserved to this Prophet and all his Clan,
Was the tongue of the Fatherland;
And they understood, and were not confused
By the Babel on every hand.

From a fiery cloud came Jehovah's call,
To these favored sons of Shem
"Go, get Thee into an unknown land,
Unseen and untrod of men.

And the finger of Heaven shall point the way,
And Providence shall provide;
To a chosen Eden shalt thou be led,
If My precepts, in faith, abide.

Where the Ancient of Days and Noah dwelt,
And where Enoch City stood;
A Home of refuge, a Promised Land,
For the humble, the meek, and good.

O'er hill and desert and mountain wild,
And o'er ocean wide and deep,

Led by day and night in the far-flung quest,
Came the Master's other Sheep.

Two thousand years ere the Nazarene,
These Pilgrims from Babel's plain,
Sought a haven of rest, an Inheritance,
Where justice and right should reign.

They planted in faith on the barren soil,
Washed clean by the water's sweep,
Their grasses and seeds and their gardens green,
In thanksgiving rich harvests reaped.

To the wanderers in their new found home,
Came prophets and seers Divine;
And revelation from on High,
Heaven's edicts to define.

From the neck between the continents,
Their numbers grew and spread,
Into the North to the Circle cold;
To the Eastern sea were led.

From North to the South, on Zion's soil,
From East to the Golden West;
A mighty empire, vast and wide,
A Nation Divinely blessed.

Richer and greater than Babylon,
Or Chaldea of the Plain,
Or mighty Egypt on the Nile,
As Monarch of earth did reign.

For eighteen centuries a State,
In art and science skilled;
And counted by millions its endless hordes,
A continent was filled.

Their babes were born and to manhood grew,
And then in turn grew old;
Returned to earth from whence they came,
And were gathered into the fold.

Their youth, as ever since time began,
Loved and woed the maidens fair;
And children came to augment the host,
And the nation's conquests share.

And love and pleasure reigned supreme,
Then hate and sorrow came;
And peace and plenty was their lot,
Then famine and war's red flame.

When in righteousness they homage gave
To Jehovah, their Guide and Shield;

Rich bounties came to the chosen seed,
Rare harvest from flock and field.

But when they groveled in sin and pride,
And grew envious and vain,
The scourge of Heaven was loosed anew,
To turn them to truth again.

No power, or nation, the Prophet warned,
Could survive on this favored sod;
Unless in meekness and faith and love,
They walk in the paths of God.

Into a whirlpool of sin and hate,
A maelstrom of lust and greed,
Was whirled a people of power and wealth,
Was swept the Chosen Seed.

Forgotten was God and His guiding hand,
The brother of Jared too;
And all their teachers of righteousness,
They grew selfish, debased, untrue.

From Jehovah, the Star of their wanderings,
To Ares, the God of war,
Was turned a nation in civil strife,
Swarmed Her people from afar.

Into the North and the East they came,
Their hatred by conflict fanned,
Unto Mount Ramah, the Holy hill,
They made the last great stand.

By day the battle waxed sore and grim,
At night on their swords they slept;
Resumed with the sun was the carnage red,
At eve for their slain sons wept.

Dwindled their numbers each gory day,
Until of the warlike horde,
There stood alone Coriantumur;
All had perished by the sword.

Save Ether, the sage, who the records kept,
The teacher in exile hid,
Laid the golden plates in the sacred dust,
Sealed the archives stony lid.

The General, the victor, alone and sad,
Wandered to lands afar,
And died in the arms of an unknown race,
With an endless hate of war.

The lonely seer in sorrow gazed
On the field of ghastly dead;

Where countless millions of lifeless forms,
In the struggle of hate had bled.

And prayed for a time when the sons of men,
In the empire of the West,
Should live in peace and with war unknown,
And by Righteousness be blessed.

Their prophet broken hearted died;
Their weapons turned to rust;
Their land a lonesome, dreary waste;
Its people unto dust.

"The Western Paul"

Builded the Nephite host on hill, in dale
and in valley,
Sprang up cities and towns along
the banks of the rivers,
In mountain, plateau and plain
Was heard the hum of the weaver;
And low on the Sidon's bank, was heard
the song of the toiler,
Skilled were these workers all
In craft and art of the ancients.

Came to this favored seed to keep
their feet in the pathway,
Prophets and messengers, divinely
called and appointed.
Came after many years a man of
wisdom and virtue,
Schooled in the Sacred writ and laws
and code of the people,
Taught in the school of life, and learned
in the faith of the fathers,
Loved and revered of all who clung to
the rod of the Promise,
Hated, reviled and shunned by
the emessarries of evil.

Alma, the Younger came to teach
the sinner repentance,
To show them the Way of Life, and call
them back from the burning.
Mission of peace and love to pave the
way for the Master.

Wild and debased in youth, rejecting
the words of his Father,
Joined, with Mosiah's sons to teach
sedition and error,

Steeped in the vile unbelief, proclaimed
of Sherem and Nehor,
Doubting the mission and life of Christ
the promised Redeemer.

Went forth on paths of hate, to hunt and
harass their brethren;
Driving the scattered saints and
persecuting the faithful.
Stricken upon the way, like Saul the
scholar of Tarsus;
Prostrate in abject fear to hear the
words of the angel;
"Alma, my wayward son, who ridiculeth
the prophets,
Why dost thou smite thy Lord by persecuting
his people,
Turn from the paths of sin and walk
again in the furrow;
Repent of thy evil deeds and minister
to my children.
Behold thou a Prophet wert by proclamation
of Heaven,
Before thou wert born of flesh, wert
foreordained to thy mission,
Proclaim to the wayward ones and to
thy wandering brothers,

The truths of Eternal life and sow the
seed of salvation."

Contrite with broken hearts, these
erring sons of the Prophets,
Turned in humility to heed the
call and the summons,
Preachers of righteousness, sincere
devout and untiring
Was Alma the Great High Priest, and
Ammon, the son of Mosiah.
Heard was the clarion voice of
Alma teaching repentance
Loud from the cities walls and in the
wastes of the desert,
Unto the Nephite race
and the sullen, murmuring redman.

"Ye are the sons of God, and lived
with him in the Spirit,
Long ere to earth you came to tarry
here with the mortals.
In that Primeval time, you stood
and fought for Jehovah,
Valiantly strove for right, upheld the
plan of redemption.
Wept with the Righteous ones, when

Lucifer of the Morning
Was cast from the throne of Grace
with all his host into darkness.
Glad of the blessed boon to come
to earth for a body;
To get here experience and obey
the words of the Father;
Glad as Free agents here to choose
the right from the error;
Willing to suffer pain, to taste Life's
joys and its sorrows;
Blessed with undying hope to be again
resurrected,
Body, Spirit and Soul, the image of
the Creator.

"Foreordained was the fall of Adam
and Eve in the Garden,
So that the sons of men might learn
the lessons of mortals.
Foreordained ere the earth was the
blessed life of the Savior,
To open the gates anew and bring
man back to his maker;
Resurrection's first Fruits, the light, the
way, the Redeemer,
Slain from the morn of time, the Sacrifice
of salvation.

Paved He the narrow way unto the
Life everlasting,
Brought man again to God, before the Bar
of the Judging.
Left to the sinful soul the task to
grow and to conquer;
Left to his children here to choose
the paths they will follow.
No man against his will is hailed
perforce into heaven,
Masters of Fate are we, We shape the
ships of our sailing."

"After the mortal death, in Paradise
we will linger,
Waiting the trumpet call to summon
us to our Maker
Waiting the joyous time when soul
and body united,
Shall unto perfection strive, redeemed,
exalted forever.
Called in that waiting time to preach
to spirits in prison,
To those who despised the Light, in this
estate of probation,
Filled with the joy of work, both now and
then and hereafter,

Plodding upward and on,
Engaged in righteous endeavor."

"Many mansions of rest are found in the
realms of the righteous,
A Glory for faithful ones, who kept the
law of the promise,
And sought first His kingdom here, in this
estate of the testing;
A glory for men of earth who in the
conquest of Mammon,
Knew not the call of Christ, but lived
in conscience and honor.
A Glory for evil minds, who fought the
Vessels of Heaven,
And groveled in sin, debased, and turned
like swine to the wallow.
All there a home shall find when
restitution is ample,
Except vile Perditions sons, who sin
Gain'st the light of the Master."

"Behold shalt the Son of Man, to earth
appear as a Savior,
Below all things shalt descend, to rise
to station exalted;
Born of a virgin fair, in a cattle shed,
in a manger,

Heralded by the star to the magi wise and
the shepards;
Shalt grow up in faith divine and nurtured
be by the Father.
Forth in the land shalt go, proclaiming
truth and repentance,
Healing the sick and halt in both the
body and spirit.
Giving the Gospel plan in all its
beauty and fullness,
Teaching the law of life, instead of
the doctrine of vengeance.
Giving the sinner hope, and trust to
the faithless and weary.

"There in that Eastern land, the ancient
hearthstone of Judah,
Rejected and ridiculed shalt be its
Son and its Savior;
Spurned in His Father's house, an outcast
lone and deserted,
Led forth to Calvary's hill, betrayed of
Judas and Pilate,
With circlet of mocking thorns, between
the thief and the sinner,
Shalt there in derision die, that all of
earth be exalted,

And loosed be the bands of death
Atoned the transgression of Eden."

"Unto His other sheep shalt come the risen
Redeemer
After the cross and death, to teach them
faith and devotion,
Forth in this promised land shalt minister
to his people,
Showing the Way of Life, imparting the
message eternal."

Thus in the desert wastes the faithful
sons of Mosiah,
And Alma, the Younger seer, proclaimed
the coming of Jesus,
And warned from the wrath to come, the
faithless children of Laman.
Unto the Wilderness they shouted truth
and repentance,
Calling their fallen kin, unto the flag of
their chieftan.

Richer beyond their dreams, the precious
fruit of their labors,
Homeward by thousands came the garnered sheaves
of the harvest,

Cursed with a darkened skin, but blessed
with hearts of devotion,
Turned from their evil ways, unto the
Standard of Heaven.

Buried their swords of steel, their
spears and weapons of warfare,
Swore unto God, an oath no more to
pillage and murder,
Not e'en in self defense, would raise
the arm of resistance.
Perfect, complete, sincere, their hate
of sin and repentance,
Dedicated their lives unto their God
and his service.

Found a new hearth and home, within the
valley of Jershon,
Gave to the work their all, these faithful
children of Ammon.

Heard after many years, the warlike cry
of the redman
Forth from the forests dark and fastnesses
of the mountains.
Swarmed they in painted hordes upon the
homes of their brethren,

Minions of Lucifer to slay and harass
the faithful,
Seeking to vengeance wreak upon the
heads of the helpless,
Waging unholy war upon the
sons of repentance.

Never forgot the vow, the sacred promise
to heaven,
Never to raise in wrath the sword or
weapon of warfare,
Meekly as sheep they fell, before the
crafty invader,
Down in cold blood they fell, before the
sweep of the vandal.

Then up rose two thousand sons from out
the valley of Jershon,
Born in the new found home beyond the
borders of Nephi,
Strong and unhampered were by oath, by vow
or by promise,
Rose in the strength of God to save the lives
of their fathers.
Taught from their childhood up to pray and
trust in their maker,
Reared in abodes of faith they grew unsullied
to manhood.

Fought they in Heavens name to save the
lives of their people,
Fought with a zeal unknown to turn the
tide of the conflict,
Fought for their mothers true, their
homes, their lands and their firesides.
Strove with an arm of might, with faith
their shield and their armor.

Scattered, confused, dispersed, the shattered
armies of Laman,
Fled to their desert homes unmanned, defeated
and shaken,
Countless wounded and slain
Among the ranks of the vandal,
Left on the battle field, no more returned to
their people,
But all of these sons of Faith came down again
to the valley,
Never a stripling lost, the twenty hundred
of Ammon,
Saved by their faith and trust, preserved and
defended of heaven.

Unto the Nephite land came Korihor,
the Agnostic,

Reviling the sacred word, and ridiculing
the prophets;
Teaching the unbelief proclaimed of
Sharem and Nehor,
Decrying order and law, and spreading
error and treason;
"Why are ye shakeled down by follies
old and tradition,
Throw off the foolish yoke that curbs the
mind and the reason.
Live for today alone, with ne'er a thought
of the morrow.
There is no after life, then eat and drink
and be merry;
Cast aside the vain belief that Christ shall
come to redeem you.
List to the call of life and gratify the ambition,
Make the most of today, for lo
tomorrow we perish.
Your priests have o'er long imposed their
baneful theories upon you.
There is no holiness or saving power
in the priesthood."

Thus did he go about to town and
hamlet and city,
Sowing the seeds of doubt, proclaiming
strife and sedition.

Reproved for his evil words by Alma
Seer of the people,
He called aloud for a sign to show
the power of Jehovah;
Sacreligious his words and boastful,
vain and unholy,
Cried he for act of God, to prove his
sin and his error.
Came like a shaft of Light the stroke
and answer of Heaven,
And stricken dumb to his death was Korihor, the
blasphemer;
Then meekly in humble fear, confessed the
power of his Maker,
Leaving the faithless one who sought and
followed his standard,
To seek in repentant prayer, the forgiving
grace of the father.
Learned from the Infidel that signs shall
follow the believer,
Vouchsafed to trusting sons, to cheer the path
of the plodder.

Hard by the border land the Cult
and Order of Zoram,
Powerful and mighty grew, and worshiped

Dagon and Mammon;
Deserted the Cause of Truth and groped
in darkness and error.
Pharasees of the West, reviling the Law and
the Prophets;
Self exalted in pride, above the plane
of their fellows,
Rich in the things of earth, but poor in
the treasures of heaven;
Steeped in the damning lore of Korihor
and of Zoram.
Lived for today alone, no faith or hope
of Hereafter;
Base, degraded and vain, selfrighteous
seekers of pleasure
That passes away like mist, before the burst
of the tempest.
Seekers of empty joys that fade as foam
on the billows,
Chasing the froth of life, rejecting the
gold that endureth.

Unto the Traitor's land came Alma
Shiblon and Ammon,
And Corianton, the youth to teach
repentance and justice;
Proclaiming the coming Lord, and the

saving grace of His mission,
Telling of Jesus' love and the holy
plan of redemption,
Teaching them hope and faith in Life
unending, eternal;
Preaching on city walls and in the streets
and the by-ways,
Like unto Paul and John, after the
call and commission,
And Lehi unto the Jew, and Noah
unto the Ancient.

Cast into dungeons vile and
persecuted and driven,
The seers of Eternal Life with naught
but love for the erring,
Rejected and ridiculed departed
homeward in sorrow,
Shaking the judgment dust from off
their shoes and their mantels.

Many lowly and poor forsook the
pathway of error,
And came again to the fold, repentant,
entreating and humble,
Seeking the God of Light to move the
scales of their vision.

Only the meek and poor, for lo the
rich and exalted,
Turned to the mire anew, enmeshed in
the snare of the tempter.

Corianton, the boy, the youngest son
of the prophet,
Loved by the learned sage with all a
father's devotion,
Nurtured and sheltered neath the
guarding walls of the temple,
Kept from the snags of youth by the
watchful eye of a mother,
Grew like a mountain pine, erect and
tall and unfearing.
Grew like the prairie oak, a tower of
strength and endurance.
Keen and alite his eye, like piercing
eye of the eagle,
Hair like the raven's plume, and smile
benefic, entrancing,
Strong in the joy of youth, he stalked
the depths of the forest;
Unerring hand and aim, in hunt, in
chase or in battle.
Strayed from his new found field as
harbinger of the Master,

To walk in forbidden paths beyond the
pale of the pasture;
Fled after Isobel, a slave of
pleasure and passion,
A Cleopatra of vice, the harlot
queen of the Westland.

Witching her cunning smile, and fair her
form as a Venus,
Inherent power o'er man, the lure and
magnet of evil.
Blue was her sparkling eye, like azure face
of the ocean,
When in a placid calm, nor wind nor
water is stirring,
Blossomed her velvet cheek, like apple
blossoms in May time,
White were her pearly teeth, as virgin
snow in December,
And yellow her flaxen hair, as silk
of corn in the tassel.
Lithe and supple with power as crouching
leopard or cougar,
Voice like the limpid brook, that murmurs low
o'er the pebbles;
False, insincere, untrue, with face and form
of an angel,

Shone as a queen of light, her soul a pawn
unto Mammon.

Alas that a manly man, endowed by heaven
so nobly,
Should fall for Delilah's lure, and be ensnared
by a strumpet.
Alas that a woman fair, the masterpiece
of Creation,
Should barter her soul with Hell, and lead
men down to destruction.
Why is such grace and charm, the mask
of passion and evil,
A body of lovliness, the lying cloak
of the wanton,
Why is an unclean heart encased in temple
of beauty,
Hidden from sight the vice, by outward
garment of virtue,
How can a face so fair conceal the
passion beneath it,
How can a smile serene belie
a spirit unholy,
Outward a conscience calm, within
debased as Salome.
O woman, the better self, of man as
upward he struggles,

Inspiration of love to spur him
on to the summit,
Emblem of purity, of virtue, truth
and devotion,
Gift from the Throne of Grace to make
less thorny the pathway,
Back to the gates of life, to smooth
the highway before us,
In all thy vicissitudes, as maid, as wife,
and as lover,
Friend of the thoughtless boy, no friend
so true as the mother;
Helpmeet of erring man, the salt of life
and its leaven,
Cheerful, hopeful and loyal, our guide
and pilate to heaven.

How can you turn aside from such
a glorious calling,
Polluting the springs of life untrue,
perverting thy mission.
As far removed as the poles, the true and
virtuous mother
From Salome of Herod's Court or
Cleopatra of Egypt.
Sainted divine and pure if love and
virtue doth guide thee,

Vile and a thing of scorn, if vice
and passion doth lead thee.

After a life of toil among the
children of Laman,
Leaving the joys of Home
to show the sinner his error,
Imparting comfort and hope unto the
stricken and hopeless,
Renewing the cherished faith of a savior
and a Redeemer.

Alma the Younger seer arrived serene
at the portal,
Full of virtue and years and ripe for the
arm of the reaper,
Gathered unto his God to meet the
meed of his labors.

Came like Moses of old unto the
crest of the mountain,
Changed to immortal state like unto
dwellers of Enoch,
Came to a rich reward, within the
realms of the righteous.
Back to primeval home, a just immortal
made perfect.

The Migration

earned in the craft of ships, and skilled
in the lore of the ocean,
Was Hagoth, a sailor bold, a mariner and a
seaman,
Mighty, a man of wealth, possessed of
forests and harbours,
Builded his vessels strong and fashioned
galleys of timber.
Spured by adventure on, and restless urge
of the rover,
Thousands of Nephi's sons embarked for
ports to the Northward;
Deserting the home of youth to roam
in a land of the fancy,
Sailing from native shores to seek
new dwellings and pastures.
Many a freighted ship full laden
sailed from the harbour,
To seek in the horizon a name,
a home and a fireside.

Some were beset by storm and tide and
tempest and monsoon,
Driven to island homes to colonize
and to flourish,

And people with Joseph's seed the coral
isles of the ocean.
Others to Northern shores, upon the
rolling Pacific,
De-barked in a flowery clime, a land
of beauty and sunshine
Brought from the motherland the palm
the oak and the walnut,
Transplanted grape and pear, the lime the
peach and the lemon.
Throve there the tropic fruits and timber
rank in the forest,
A coveted Paradise to cheer the
heart of the pilgrim

Builded new homes and towns and
cultivated the prairie,
Delved in the earth for gold, for
copper, iron and for silver,
Ever their children lured by inborn
call of the pilgrim,
Pioneers since the day their fathers
wandered from Egypt,
Back to the Promised land pursuing
ever their birthright.
Wandered to new abodes forever
restless and roaming,

Filled with the urge of Lot they sought
forever new pastures,
Peopling once again the barren prairies of Jared,
Moving into the East, rejuvinating
the wasteland.

Came in their wanderings upon the
gem of the highlands,
Salty as ocean brine or brakish
lake of the Jordan,
Sparkled a diamond fair, a diadem of
the mountains,
Fed by the upland streams, emerged no
river or outlet.

With toil and sedulity they coaxed
the life giving waters,
For many tortuous miles o'er dale
and hillside and valley,
Through aqueduct and canal, upon the plains
and the prairies;
Turning to gardens green the sterile lands
of the desert.

Found as they eastward moved and tumid
father of waters,
Rolling in majesty into the turgid Atlantic,

Draining a mighty plain, from mountain
tops in the westward,
Unto the Eeastern wall, from quintet
lakes to the ocean;
Soil of fertility to mature the
crops of their planting,
Tempered the wind and storm, insuring
harvest and plenty.

Treasuring as they roved the holy words
of the prophets,
Returning oft and anon to sin and
weakness and folly;
Blessed when they humbly strove to serve
their Lord and their Master,
Scourged when in weakness walked in paths
of sin and disaster.

Waited the faithful ones with hope and
trusting devotion,
For the promised birth and the sign as
prayerfully waited their brethren
Left in the olden home of childhood far
to the southward.
Many the standard left and persecuted the faithful,
Reviling the loyal souls who watched
and worshiped and waited.

"The Lamanites Warning"

ar in the Southern Continent,
Upon the river Sidon's winding bank,
The proud and haughty Zarahemela stood.
Long departed from the ways of God,
And from the teaching of his seers;
Her people deep in sin were steeped,
Rejecting all the prophets, living in deceit,
And revelling in gross debauchery.

When lo a voice upon the city wall,
Proclaimed repentance to the lustful throng,
And warning gave from sin to turn away.
Strong was this messenger of truth.
Gird with a leopard's pelt,
And dark his countenance.
A Lamanite was he, sent from the land of Jershon,
To turn the people back to righteousness,
And to the faith their fathers taught.

Then with a clarion voice, he called them to repent,
And turn unto the Lord, that they prepared might b
To greet the promised Savior at His birth.
"You are a sinful Race", cried he,
"Full of iniquity,
Licentious, vain, incontinent and vile;

Stoning the prophets, and treating with contempt
God's laws and promises."

"Lo in five years the promised Christ shall come;
And as a sign to you that he is born,
Upon the setting of the sun, it shall be
light as noonday,
And in the East a strange bright star
Shall glimmer over Bethlehem.
Then shall the Son of Man rejected be,
Of his own blood,
And mocked, reviled, and nailed upon a cross, ,
To expiate the sin of all the world."
"And while He thus shall hang, all nature shall revolt
The mighty rocks shall cleft in twain,
And cracks and seams appear upon the face of all
the land.
Where mountains were, lo, valleys shall be seen,
And crags and peaks where slumbering valleys were.
Fierce, vivid light across the sky shall dart,
And crashing thunders echo back creation's
reprimand."

"And cities shall be sunk neath folds of earth,
And be no more. And sinful men shall cry for rocks
To fall and hide them in their shame.
And darkness thick and awful, envelop all the land,

While He who came to save shall hang upon
the Cross.
And all the Universe shall utter loud reproach,
Against the crucifixion of Its Lord, and Juda's sin."

Then shall a calmness come, and risen he shall be,
To walk among His people and to teach
The resurrection's saving grace to all who believe."
"And to this goodly land", continued the dark seer,
"Shall come the risen Savior, and shall dwell with us
For many days, to teach salvation and proclaim
Himself the Son.
To these lost other sheep, a Shepherd also be,
To heal their sorrows, comfort give,
And bring them back again to clasp the iron rod,
And place their feet upon the narrow way."

"Fulfillment"

Sleeping within the Promised land, on
Jordan's Plain,
Serenely lay the least mong Judas' throng;
Bethlehem, city sang and heralded by prophets old.
Tranquil the night, and clear the sky,
And brightly shone the stars, but brighter still,

Did gleam a new strange light, proclaiming
the world his birth,
Who come to save and turn men back again
Into the way of Life.

Low in a manger, in the ox's stall,
All in the light of the bright Harbinger above
Lay He Who was a King;
Deliverer of Israel from the Tyrant's yoke.
And by His side, Her countenance alite with mother
love,
Was Mary, virgin blessed, who to the world had given
Its Lord, proclaimed by sages old, Redeemer of His
race.

Hard by the city, in the desert, shepherds watched,
And seeing the strange star, sought Him who was to
come
And from the East the Magi traveled far,
To bring Him gifts and worship at His feet;
And angels chanted, "Peace on earth, to man good
cheer,"
And all the Heavenly hosts rejoiced that he was born;
Thus came the first glad Christmas and its gift to man.

Then went He forth the sick to heal,
The dead to raise again;

Giving the blind their sight,
And soothing the crazed mind,
Teaching to all the way of Happiness,
And bringing peace and everlasting life
To fallen man and to a fallen world.

That Righteousness might be fulfilled
The Lord to Jordan came to be baptised of John,
"Why comest Thou to me," the meek diciple said,
"When Thou are pure and full of guile am I?"
Then down into the water's depth immersed,
And rising heard His father, Elohim,
"Behold the Savior, My beloved Son,
In Him my name is glorified, and well
He pleaseth Me."
Thus was the pattern set for all mankind;
Thus to be born again.

Into the wilderness He came to pray,
And fasting forty days, His Father sought,
For Light and comfort and for power o'er death;
Then Lucifer the fallen Prince of Night
Brought into view the glory of the world,
And all the wealth that vain ambition seeks;
The flocks and herds upon a thousand hills,
And castles rich, and vaunted praise of men;
Behold this Glory, all and more, is Thine

If Thou wilt bow Thy head and worship me."
"Depart and tempt me not, pray get thee gone,
For I, the Lord, My God, alone shalt serve,
And to Him only shall I bend the knee."

To Him a woman claimed by sin was brought,
And loud the angry throng cried for her life,
"What sentence wilt Thou pass, Thou Nazarene
Upon the Harlot vile,
The law proclaims she stoned shall be."
First looked He in compassion down,
Upon the trembling form of her thus scorned,
Then looking up unto the rabble said,
"Let him of uncontaminated mind
And pure in heart, be first a stone to cast.
When lo, with guilty thoughts her vile accusers fled,
And she was left alone with Him, who in forgiveness said,
"May'st go in peace, and sin no more,
And may a life of righteousness atone
For thy misdoing, and blot from thy fair soul,
The scar and stain of immorality."

Behold Jerusalem, the night is dark,
And ominous the mob, who drag Him forth
To the Sanhedrin, there to be accused.
From thence unto the cowardly Pilate

Driven on, with crown of thorns upon His brow,
But in His eye a look of calm submission,
Trust and love.

"In him I find no guile, take Him away,"
The haughty Roman cried,
But loud the rabble raged, "Him will we crucify,
His blood upon our hands may be."
"Then as you will, but from the deed
I turn my face away,
And wash my hands clean of a nations stain.

Then surged the clamoring throng up Calvary's hill,
And in their midst, with traitor's kiss
upon His cheek,
Upon His back the Cross, walked He,—
Rejected of His own,
Deserted by the arm of flesh,
Sustained by God alone.

They hung Him there in agony, with spear thrust
in His side,
And nails through hands that ministered,
And feet all bathed with tears;
And when in agony for water begged,
They gave Him bitter sponge of gall.
And He thus scorned, and mocked and spit upon

Looked up to God and prayed, "Forgive,
And pardon what they do,
For lo in ignorance they sin,
And know not He who in their wrath reject.

Gathered to comfort one another were the saints
When in their midst He stood, who thus had died,
Risen, exalted, in victory glorified.
And to the doubting ones he cried,
"Come forth and feel the spear thrust in my side,
Behold the nail prints in my hands,
That you may know the resurrection's power,
Behold I am a man of flesh and bone
And not an unclothed spirit as Ye thought."

Then ate He fish and bread and honeycomb,
And lived and walked among them many days,
Healing their sorrows, and giving them new faith
And showing them the way of Truth and Life.

To His Other Sheep

o Bountiful, the refuge by the sea,
A chastened band of refugees had come;
Beholders of the promised triple-day,
Survivors of the fearful triple-night,
The remnant of the Judgment's winnowing,
The wheat from burning chaff, preserved unburned,

The righteous ones to heed the swarthy seer;
The virgins wise who in the watch had kept
The lamp of faith well trimmed, who never slept.

With broken heart and contrite spirit bowed,
In ardent adoration, silent prayer;
Then rent the sky with shout and song of praise,
For preservation in that awful hour,
When heaven trembled and Idumea quaked,
And rocks were cleft and gaping chasms yawned,
And earth's consuming maw, with hunger rent,
Enveloped cities, erst by prophets warned
Of God's consuming judgments to be sent,
To purge a fallen world to evil pawned.

A people held within the hollow hand
Of Elohim, when nature's power unloosed,
Unshakeled death to stalk a stricken land;
And Sodom and Gomorrah of the West
Were swallowed up beneath the ocean wave,
And Zarahamela, where the prophets dwelt,
Consumed and shrivelled by devouring flame;
With all its sons succumbed to Mammon's lure,
Who know no God, save Astoreth and Baal.

A stillness fraught with peace and heavenly calm,
More blessed after shriek and roar of storm

Pervaded now the land and unto man,
Gave joy and comfort, to the spirit balm.
"What shall we do," the Pentacostal cry,
From stricken hearts, arose to Him on High.
The answer came like silver trumpet call,
From out the sky to horizon and shore;
"Behold, Omega, My beloved Son,
Who glorified My name, devised the plan
Of man's eternal progress, victory won
O'er sin and death and opened wide the gate
Unto Celestial Glory, Hear Ye Him."

And looking up the prostrate forms descerned
A being brighter than the sun at noon,
Descending from the clouds on ether's wings;
With outstretched arms, that with compassion
yearned;
Then unto them, whose hearts with joy did leap,
Came Christ, the Shepherd, to His other Sheep.

"Arise and come to Me, Ye troubled souls,
Unloose thy burdens, I the Cross hath borne
For man's redemption on Judea's hill,
And laying down my life, came forth again;
Risen for fallen man, and him to bless,
That he may share the resurrection's boon,
And be redeemed through works of righteousness.

"Come forth Ye doubting Thomases in faith,
And Ye who believe without the mortal sign,
And feel the cruel wounds within my hands.
Behold the scar of spear thrust in my side,
That Ye may know and after witness bear
That it is I, betrayed by Traitor's kiss,
Who prayed for strength in lone Gethsamene,
To bear the Cross and drink the bitter cup
Prepared for me long ere the earth was made,
That men might live and know eternal bliss,
Tis not a Spirit only, but a man
That stands before ye in immortal robe,
A Spirit Aye, entempled in a form
Of flesh and bone, of resurrection born,
Like Elohim who erstwhile fashioned all,
Perfected soul eterne, the blessed state
To which in faith and hope Ye mortals wait."

"Ye came to this estate from primal home,
To learn obedience, a body claim
For thy primeval Spirit, thence to move
Companioned by thy kind, and by thine own,
In march eternal, ever up and on
Until as Gods Ye at the summit stand,
And gaze with awe upon new horizons,
Still beckonning thee on to heights unseen,
And Heaven's plan is but the better way

To rise in triumph over hidden stiles,
Until perfection comes, a fitting crown
For lives well spent, and happiness for aye."

"'Tis I, the great Physician come to heal
The sick of Spirit and the lustful heart,
I cleanse with balm and incense all who believe
And faith and hope and comfort I impart,
I am the Light, the Life, the Prince of Peace,
Restorer of the New, fulfiller of the old,
For me, to teach the plan and ope the way,
For you to follow me into the fold."

"Why turn to sin when Heaven deigns to bless,
Why stone the prophets and revile my word
When I in love would oft have gathered thee
Beneath my sheltering wings, all safe from harm.
But Ye rejected me when to thee came
My call and knew ye not the Shepherd's voice,
And Ye denied me here as Sephas there,
And would'st not listen to my messengers,
Until destruction and the chastening hand
Dids't from exalted pedestal of pride
Bring thee to meekness and humility,
To humbly follow, and my law abide.

Man ever was forgetful, insecure,
Since first to Him ere fall of Lucifer
'Twere given to select, to know and choose
The paths he deigned to tread, the deeds to do,
And unto Him who fell, His fallen hosts
Were given power to tempt the human race.
Life is a testing furnace unto man
To try his metal, prove his sacrifice,
A school in which the erring, plodding soul
May learn at last
The way to Heaven's goal.

"In sacrifice, bring forth a broken heart,
Instead of pride, a spirit meek, contrite;
If thou would'st to the Father's kingdom come,
Be as a little child, quick to forgive,
And love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart,
And cleave unto thy neighbor as thyself.
Hold sacred and secure thy brother's life,
And covet not, nor take what is not thine,
Make truth thine own, for truth eternal is,
And keep in sanctity the Holy day,
Refraining from all labor, levity.
Take not in ribald speech His blessed name,
Who breath of Heaven vouchsafed unto thee;
Keep clean the tabernacle of the soul,
Nor desecrate thy temple, or thy fame.

Thus to the Tribes of Jacob from on high
The law came writ on stone from Sinai.
The law endures and is not done away,
My mission to proclaim the new born day,
When man and beast in charity shall dwell,
And right and justice in the earth bear sway."

"Behold again, as in Jerusalem,
I call my Twelve as witnesses to be,
For me and of my Father, Elohim,
To testify to every living soul
Of God's e'er lasting brotherhood to man.
Go forth into the world, My word proclaim,
And teach repentance and the birth anew,
Remembering that service is the key
To ope for thee the door to heaven's view."

"'Blessed and thrice blessed are the pure in heart,
For they upon Mount Zion shall behold
Jehovah, Prince of David, and be crowned
Among the twelve times twelve who love the Lord.
And blessed are the meek and penitent,
For they, the heirs of earth, shall on it dwell,
When by Celestial fire all dross is purged;
An orb immortalized, a crystal sphere.
Rejoice, Ye scattered sheep, with song of praise
And be exceeding glad Ye sons reviled,

For ever since the early morn of time
My Prophets were despised, my saints oppressed
By evil and designing sons of hate.
Then live in trust and hope and happiness,
And for my future coming watch and wait."

"What boon, what blessed gift, may I bestow
Upon Thee here? What is the heart's desire,
Then spake in unison the chosen nine,
"Permit thy servants on the earth to stay
Until with ripened years and wisdom full
Our mission here is finished and complete,
Then unto thee within thy heavenly home
May we be gathered safe with Abraham."
"Permit us here to tarry in the flesh
As thy beloved John in Ariel,"
Came the petition of the other three,
"That unto thee upon this mortal sphere,
We garner souls of men against the day,
When in the clouds of heaven thou shalt come
In power and glory and resplendent ray.
"All granted are thy prayers of wisdom born,
Lead men to me and smooth life's thorny way.

"My kingdom not upon the shifting sands,
But sure upon the everlasting rock
Of revelation built and cannot fall;

The Doctrine is not mine, nor any man's,
But His, Who sent Me, He, the Lord of all.
Be merciful and mercy shall obtain,
And peace disseminate among thy kind,
And thou shalt call-ed be a Child of God,
And everlasting joy shalt surely find."

"Hide not thy talents, nor thy light conceal,
But let it shine, a beacon to the world;
And visit in affliction, feed My sheep,
Support the poor and comfort those who weep;
Pray not upon the housetops to be seen,
Nor give thine alms before the eyes of men;
But pray in secret and thy bounties give
To him in need, and God, Who seeth all
Shall openly reward thy generous soul."

"Seek not the fleeting pleasures of the earth,
But lay up jewels in thy heavenly home.
Seek first the Kingdom of My Father's house,
And unto thee shalt come all things of worth.
Be slow to anger, Aye, be slow to judge,
Perceiving first the beam thy vision clouds,
Then clearly shalt thou see to pluck the moat
That in they brother, reason's light enshrouds.
And service render, unto men bring joy,
And thou shalt to me come, without alloy."

"I go to minister among the lost,
My other flock, the captives led away
Into the North, afar from Jasher's shore,
To come advancing like a rolling flood,
A mighty nation born within a day;
When Zion city, New Jerusalem
Shall rear its massive walls into the sky,
And from Her forth My holy law shalt go,
My word from Ariel as light shall fly."

The blind no longer in the awful dark,
Were left to grope, restored again their sight,
Gave thanks and homage to the Lord of Light.
The sick and stricken rose from beds of pain
To walk unmarred among their kind again.
And black discouragement gave way to cheer,
And songs of joy displaced the saddening tear.
Transformed the dark Gethsamenes to Edens bright
And morn dispelled the gloomy pall of night.

The Master comforted and blessed His sheep,
And lived among, and cheered them on the way,
And gave to them the Father's plan of life,
And prophecied of Restoration's day;
And left a warning of destruction bane,
It from the fold they strayed in sin again.

"Soon I unto the Father must ascend,
But unto earth shalt come in latter day
Attended by an army of the Blessed,
As Bridegroom cometh to the wedding feast,
To minister and comfort as of yore
Be Thou prepared, among the virgins wise,
Who keepeth oil to light the Pilgrim's way;
In service, watch and wait, and work and pray
And come with shout to meet me, in that day."

"No man the day or hour may ere fortell,
When to my own in glory I shall come;
But when you hear of war and pestilence
Abroad in all the land, in every clime,
And devastating flood, and wrecking storm;
When famine's evil spectre stalks amain
And shaking quake shall lay the summits low,
And hearts of men shall fail in awful fear;
Then know the promised coming is at hand,
E'en at your very doors, the Master draweth near."

"But ere the coming of that dreadful day,
The stars from heaven to the earth shall fall,
The murky moon like blood to man appear,
And waters, erstwhile sweet, shall be as gall.
Idumea, claimed by evil, shall be swept
By purifying fire, and wicked men,

In awful fear shall seek oblivion,
And crave annihilation of the soul,
That they escape the waiting Judgment bar;
Hear not the call to Judgment from afar."

Behold I Am, Omega, Christ, the Lord,
Beginning and The End, the saving Word.
My mission of Redemption here is o'er.
I go unto My Father, to my Throne,
Back to My mansion, to my Heavenly Home."

The Hidden Message

n speechless awe the wondering multitude
Saw Him ascend amid angelic Hosts,
Then turned in thoughtful mein to mortal strive,
The menial work, the common tasks of life.
They built anew the charred and crumbling walls
Of cities visited by quake and flame,
And made again rich farms and gardens fair.
Where devastation's acrid power had reigned,
To Southward and beyond the narrow neck,
From ocean unto ocean soon they spanned,
And all their former splendor was regained.

The Empire Builders in their far flung quest
Discovered many wonders strange and rare;
Beheld a gorgeous chasm, mammoth cleft,
All rimmed by stately pines and Minarets;
The furnace of the Gods wherein was forged
Gigantic precipice and spirals fair,
And gleaming freakish forms of mimicry,
Carved men and painted animals and birds
In weird, fantastic forms of glowing hue,
Hewn trees and shrubs, the stony Hermit's cell,
And temples, battlements and silent walls,
Of ancient cities, palaces and thrones;
Here scarlet, carmine, there tis silver, gold,
With oft a splash of gray or chalky white,
And all the shades and colors of the bow,
Arranged in brilliant splendor, even changing sheen,
As noonday follows rising of the sun,
And pall of night succeeds the twilight dun.

A changing panorama, sculptured rock,
A Pantheon, wherein the sullen Mars
Wrought implements of war and shot his bolts
Of ruin and destruction o'er the earth;
A Parthenon, the dwelling of Athene,
The Cliffs of Albion, the solemn Sphinx,
Sahara painted, and the pyramids;
And Gibralter's towering, frowning face,

And bright Elysium, and dusky hades,
All pictured, vivified by nature's brush,
And sculptured through the ages of the past,
In ancient workshop of the universe;
The jewel-box of time, Creation's gem,
To bring man happiness and touch the heart,
And gratitude and reverence impart.

Beheld the gaping cavern of the West,
From dizzy summit and from trembling brink;
A yawning gap, a crevice deep and wide,
So natural eye could not its vastness span;
Two thousand fathoms down, its awful depth
Disclosing river like a silvery thread,
In the far distance through the fissure ran;
Its crags and cliffs and its resplendent walls,
All bright and glowing in the rising sun,
And shimmering and dazzling when at noon,
The orb of day, Apollo's chariot
Shot down its crimson shafts into the gloom;
Entrancing, ever changing, when at eve,
Day's luminary neared its journeys end,
And when the rays of Luna, cool and dim,
Essayed their pale and borrowed light to lend.
What hidden spirits of the soundless void,
Come forth to revel in the yawning gorge,
What potent powers of unwaked nature sleeps,

As through the silent watches of the night,
The lone Diana faithful vigil keeps.
Reverent with awe for the Creator's might,
The gazer contemplates Creation's day;
Looks down in terror, views the awful gulch,
Then turns his face to God, His heart to pray.

Born then again the racial hatred, fanned
Into consuming fire, an endless flame,
Since Laman, Lehi's Firstborn, and his band
Departed from their brothers in disdain.
As oft foretold by Jesus and His seers,
His people left succumbed to wickedness,
And wandered forth from Shepherd and from fold,
Unto destruction's brink, as He foretold.

Heard once again the clank of maddening steel,
The measured tramp of armed, marching men,
The angry hum of armies battle bound.
Scarce since He went four Centuries had passed,
When turmoil and contention wrought amain;
When brother rose gainst brother, father, son,
Embroiled in hateful struggle, terror's reign.
The promised soil a blood stained battle field,
And pastures, vineyards ceased their fruitful yield.
The plow-share into sword again was forged

The husbandmen came not unto the field,
And all the earth by scathing Mars was scourged.

Dispatched and fallen on the fatal plain,
Were teeming thousands wounded, maimed and slain,
The rivers swelled, ran red into the sea,
And erstwhile gardens drank the crimson stain,
Until the war like remnant met again,
In deadly combat on the fatal field
Of Ramha, where the hosts of Jared fell,
When but a single man was left alone
A Nation's story to the world to tell.

And there remembered, all too late the cry,
Hurled down from Zarahamela's warning walls
By Samuel, Seer of Jershon, jeered and scorned,
As forth in voice of thunder he proclaimed
The coming of Omega to the world,
And told of dire destruction, when the race
Should perish root and branch, until at last,
No man should live the promised land to grace,
Except the roving, restless indian,
Without a home to roam from place to place.

The promise was fulfilled as ever are
Predictions made by prophets of the Lord,
Until upon the land no Nephite lived,

Except Moroni, ancient seer and bard,
That other angel who in Heaven's midst
Should fly to shout the everlasting word,
Unto a sleeping world, in darkness deep;
To call it forth from slumber, and awake
The remnant sons of Jacob from their sleep.

Alone, serene, deserted, Gabriel stood,
And gazed upon the field of fallen men;
Upon the silence of a continent,
Left to decay again to primal state,
Back to the arms of nature there to wait
The Gentile Dispensation-time of fate.
Unto Him came a vision of the past,
Of other days when righteousness held sway;
He saw a band of Pilgrims led afar,
From Eastern home into a wilderness,
And o'er the ocean's wall, unto a land
Proclaimed and heralded in olden time.
He saw a mighty nation, like the sand
Upon the seashore, busy as the ant,
Build cities grand and holy temples rear;
Oftimes sincere, in righteous paths they trod,
Oftimes forgot, departed far from God.

He saw his people showered from mammon's horn,
Beheld them in adversity forlorn;

Saw plenty bless their efforts, and again,
Beheld he famines' spectre stalk amain.
Before him came a chosen line of seers,
Proclaiming truth, repentance to the throng,
And armies black, with paint and curdling cry,
Subdued and driven back by generals strong.
The silent blissful night like Gibeon,
Proclaiming unto men Emanuel's birth;
The quaking universe and riven sky,
When on the cross for Adams sin did die
Idumea's Prince, Immortal King of earth.
One thousand years of history unfurled,
Before the Prophet, keeper of the seal,
Who in the Latter Days to gentile seer
The gospel in its fullness should reveal.

Then buried in the dust, in silent stone
The sacred plates, the messenger of gold;
To lie untouched in soundless tomb of earth,
Until a youth, unlettered and unlearned,
But tutored in the school of Eloheim,
Should roll away the rock, the treasure view,
And usher in a Dispensation new.

To every man who will the sacred tome
Peruse in quest of truth, with prayerful heart,
Shalt come the sweet assurance from on High

That it a hallowed history contains;
A story of the West in ancient time,
And that the Gospel found within its lids,
Is not man's shaken word, but God's Divine.

The stick of Ephraim unto Juda's scroll,
To be united in the Latter Day,
A Witness unto Gentile and to Jew,
When Gospel fullness unto all the world
Shall be proclaimed and Satan's banner furled;
A sealed book, to speak from out the dust,
The Truth to spring from earth, out of the ground;
Another bible, called by learned men,
A voice long silent vivified again;
When man to fable from the truth will turn,
Before the times of gentiles are fulfilled;
When voices cry with rife confusion fraught
Lo here is God, nay here, not there the way,
And for sound doctrine men's commands are taught.

A day when men with lying lips will tell
In boastful mein their love of Elohim,
With hearts unwarmed, removed far away;
When there shall be a famine, not for bread,
But for the truth, to be by wisdom fed.
When earth shall be defiled unto its own;
Transgressed the law, and covenant held vain,

And evil's day of victory seem to dawn,
This message to the world shall come again.

Then they of Babylon shall hear the call,
Come out of Her My people, from Her sins,
That Ye receive not of her scourging plagues;
Come up to Zion, to the Mountain tops,
Where God has raised His house upon the Hills,
And lifted up an Ensign to the world;
Where men shall flee to learn His saving ways,
And walk within His paths thru all their days."

One of a city, of a family two
Shall come to Zion, swift on bands of steel,
Nor girdle, or the latchet of the shoe,
Shall they unloose, nor slumber by the way.
In mighty haste shall gather from afar,
To build His Kingdom, greet the new-born day;
Forsaking Kings of iron and of clay,
As Daniel saw in vision far away.

Behold, the new Elias shalt proclaim
Unto a waiting world, a message old—
"Fear God for aye, and Glory to Him give,
For lo, the hour of Judgment is at hand;
And worship Him, who made the earth and sky,
And surging sea, and all that they contain,

For unto men the Master shall descend,
In Glory, Power and Righteousness to reign.

Awake Jerusalem, and shout His praise,
Arise Ye everlasting Hills, and sing;
For in the Latter days from Kolob far,
Shalt come to earth in majesty, her King."

CHARLES W. DUNN.

What Makes a Man

hat does it take a man to make,
An upright, manly man;
Who will not lose in life's grim race
Nor falter in its sand.

It takes the days of Babyhood,
A mother's tender care,
As at her knee, a little lad
Doth learn to lisp a prayer.

It takes the joyous boyhood time,
A father's guiding hand
To lead the boy across the shoals,
And bring him safe to land.

It takes the schoolhouse in the lane,
And happy years there spent
With books and rules and discipline,
And air with laughter rent.

It takes long hikes and hunting trips,
The deep old swimming hole,
And flowers and birds and meadows green,
And can of worms and pole.

It takes some confidential talks
From father unto son,
With warnings grave of evil snares,
Ere Boyhood's days are done.

It takes a Youth without wild-oats,
With reverence and love
For all of God's Creations
And prayers to Him above.

It takes hard work and diligence;
The sweat of honest toil,
With perseverence for the task,
And lots of midnight oil.

It takes a will that "No" can say,
When in temptation's grasp;
And strength to hold the iron Rod
Until the lure is passed.

It takes a loving wife's glad smile,
After the day is o'er,
And romps with lads and lassies glad,
Upon the hearth and floor.

It takes the strength vocation gives;
The work each morn doth bring
To give contentment to the soul,
And make Life's joy-bells ring.

It takes the tear and parting sting,
When death comes to the home
To purify and cleanse the heart,
As up life's hill we roam.

It takes temptations overcome,
And sorrow, joy and song,
And labor, study, pleasure too,
And hatred for all wrong.

It takes ambition, courage, health,
With faith and trust and prayer,

And love for God, and all mankind,
And strength all trials to bear.

It takes control and sacrifice,
And grit and self-denial;
True Charity and Sympathy
To win in Life's grim trial.

It takes a life of Righteousness,
That for the Truth hath stood
To make a Man whom God can claim,
And say "My work is Good."

Two Inventories

ejectedly and bowed he sat;
His hair all blanched and bent his form;
And gazing far into the past,
He spake with apathy forlorn.

Long, long ago I had my chance,
When I was young and in my prime;
But I was gay, a free young lance,
And did'nt know the worth of time.

I left my school when just a boy,
And started out to see the world;
With dizzy thots of fortune rich,
As opportunity unfurled.

As money came into my hand,
I did not heed or understand
The call of wisdom, "save your pay—
Against the luckless rainy-day."

I wasted time and fortune too,
In dissipation, living thru
Fast days, gay nights, with wine and song,
Sank downward with the reckless throng.

I wasted health, and wealth, and brain,
And sacrificed the love of men;
E'en all my self respect was gone,
As down I slunk from den to den.

And now I'm old and weak and poor,
Afraid to die and tired of life;
With nothing but regret and shame,
Instead of peace, my conscience rife.

O, would that I had loved my God,
And served him as a Christian ought,

Conserved my strength, and scouted sin
Against temptation ever fought.

That as the days of youth went by,
Instead of dissipating time
That I some golden grains of truth
Had stored and garnered in my mind.

And O, that I had been a man,
And looked life boldly in the face;
Then my old age were full of joy,
Instead of sorrow, shame, disgrace.

Another man with hair as white,
Approached with buoyant, sprightly step,
His countenance alight, proclaimed
That he had God's Commandments kept.

His boyhood busy as the bee,
With honest effort, oft he toiled;
Excelled in manly sport and fun,
From evil deeds his soul recoiled.

To all his friends was true as steel,
And kept his word and honor clean;
And shunned temptation, drink and sin,
With low companions n'er was seen.

Had found time in his busy life
To love and wed a trusting wife;
And children came to bless his home,
But never entered hate or strife.

Conserved his wealth and good name too,
In worthy cause was first to give;
Was not afraid of honest toil,
An upright citizen did live.

And now that eve of life had come,
With joy his thots turn to the past;
With hope he to the future looks,
His, happiness while time shall last.

Life

hat is this mystery called life,
And what its warp and woof.
Whence did we come, and whither going,
Why do we live-forsooth?

Life is a vale of hates and frowns,
Of doubt and dread and fears,
Of disappointment, envy, scorn,
Of sorrow, sighs and tears.

Life is a Garden full of joy,
Of confidence and love,
Of hope, good will and helpfulness,
And faith in God above.

Life is a highway leading down
To sin and death and shame.
Life is the straight and narrow way
To honor, glory, fame.

A part of life is babyhood,
A mother's fond caress, ,
A father's love, the home of youth,
Where children come to bless.

A part of life the youth and maid,
Who at the alter bow;
And to be ever true and loyal
They to each other vow.

Of life a part, the man of strength,
Who likes his daily toil,
And glories in a task well done,
And loves his native soil.

The man who when temptation comes.
Is strong and turns away
To nobler thots and better deeds,
And conscience doth obey.

The man who sins and overcomes,
And turns from wrong to right,
And in the service of mankind
Doth labor with his might.

A part of life the dreams of youth,
The victory of man,
The disappointment of old age,
When life hath run its span.

The retrospect of him who looks
Back to a youth well spent;
A manhood full of service true,
In old age gladness lent.

Of blessed life there is no end,—
Nay, death is not its goal;
Tis but a passing-opening up
The gateway of the soul.

A stepping stone to realms above
Where truth and honor rule

A graduation-moving on
From earth's confining school.

Then death is but a part of life,—
A part of God's great plan,
To bring about salvation,
And Eternal life of man.

We will not float on angel wings,
Or play on harps of gold,
Or sing Hosannahs ever more,
Or dance till time grows old.

But we will work and watch and pray,
And busy we shall be,
With deeds of service fraught with love,
Thru all Eternity.

We came from where the Father is.
With God we lived of yore,
And kept with faith our first estate,
And Him we did adore.

Then came we to this earthly home,
According to His plan,
That we might gain experience,
In this Estate of man.

We came to prove our loyalty,
And that we would obey
All God's Commands and counsel,
And keep in the narrow way.

Came here a body clean to seek,
A fit home for the soul;
To march among Progression's throng,
As endless ages roll.

As we came down from realms of Light,
So back again will go,
To labor there with love and joy
And our Redeemer know.

Then with this body will be clothed
The Spirit free and strong,
And parents, children, loved ones, all
Shall to us there belong.

We live to render service;
That we may here have joy
To save the soul, our brother's too,
And come to God without alloy.

Then let us work with faith and hope,
Through day, and night, and dawn,
That with the glad Eternities,
We may go on-and on-and on.

A New Years Poem

sat in tears at the close of day,
In the twilight of the year;
And my heart was heavy and sad and lorn,
And my life was cold and drear.

For grim misfortune had stalked my way,
My erstwhile friends all flown;
Man's Brotherhood seemed but a myth,
As I groped in despair—alone.

I looked in vain for a loyal friend,
Or a happy, joyous song;
No ray broke through the mist and gloom,
And all the world seemed wrong.

When Lo, in the depths of discouragement,
From out the blackest night,
There came a dream of the Nazarene,
Like a shaft of Celestial light.

I beheld the babe in Judea's Cave,
I heard the Angels sing;
While lowly shepards and Magi wise,
Joined in the carolling.

He wandered alone, in His native land,
With no place to call his home;
Rejected and spurned in His Father's House,
An outcast and sad, did roam.

I saw him bring gladness and love and cheer,
From Bethel to Galilee;
He healed the sick and halt and lame,
And made the blind to see.

He implanted faith where all was doubt,
And calmed the troubled mind;
And men looked up in hope and trust,
The way of Life to find.

I followed Him to the Inland Sea,
Where the wind-driven waters raged;
And gazed in awe as He calmed the storm,
And the Tempest's power assuaged.

A scarlet woman, in hate and scorn,
Was trampled in the dust;
But he bade her rise and sin no more,
In His wondrous love to trust.

In grief he wept o'er Jerusalem,
Bowed in sorrow the lov-ed Head;
Because they rejected the Father's plan,
And by Satan's power were led.

I saw Him scourged and spit upon,
And jeered and mocked and spurned;
With a crown of thorns upon His head,
While the rabble's hatred burned.

I beheld Him in Gethsamene,
In agony and prayer,
For strength to bear the heavy cross,
And the Father's glory share.

I saw Him struggling neath the load,
And the Rabble did surge and mill,
Cursing and striking the patient Lord,
As he climbed Golgotha's hill.

They nailed Him there in agony,
Between the rogue and thief,
And drops of blood oozed from His brow,
As he hung in pain and grief.

They pierced His hands and feet and side,
And gave Him sponge of gall,
But a look of peace lit the face of Him
Who was born in the Ox's stall.

All through His trial and sore distress,
He looked up in hope and love,
And prayed to God to forgive the mob,
From the Judgment Bar above.

And so methought that my fancied woes,
With His sorrow and grief of Soul,
Were but as dew ere the morning sun,
To the crashing tempest's roll.

I woke as the New Year's bells tolled forth,
Their message so glad and strong;
And I said as I listened, "O God is good"
And life is a merry song."

And I looked in Hope, and Faith, and Trust,
To the days and weeks and years,
And I found that a life of service true,
Dispelled all my cares and fears.

C. W. DUNN.

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